

LINCOLN STEFFENS

HIS COLUMN

It snowed in Carmel, it really did, in December, 1932. Many people saw it fall; some saw it on the ground; and not only on the hills. It wasn't much and it didn't stay long, but three days in succession there was snow in Carmel.

The most puzzled witnesses were the birds, especially the sparrows, who, on Sunday morning, sat around on telegraph wires, twigs and fences, contemplating the scene, first with one eye, then the other, and chatting about it. Every once in a while, committees of one or more would drop to the ground to see if there were any worms or natural seeds to eat. No, all frozen, and back they'd fly to the congress in the trees; till the sun thawed the frost. Then we had breakfast, a wonderful breakfast, wee wonderful birds.

Our fisherman and the weather bureau disagreed twice in their forecasts last week, and the fishermen were right. They didn't go out.

"Heredity differences are twice as effective in producing physical and mental peculiarities as are environmental differences," reports Prof. H. H. Newman, after five years' study of twins. That won't satisfy the author, or people. They want to hear that heredity is the whole of it, or that it's all in the environment. Both count; everything counts.

Contempt for politicians comes with bad grace from businessmen; especially in these days of business depression.

Wonder what Hiram Johnson is thinking and planning, at this crisis. No hurry about deciding, but I'd like to know the direction his audacity is looking. For there's at least one more great fight in that singular great will-power. A born executive, he was lost in the U. S. Senate, a deliberative body. He should never make that mistake again.

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THE CARMELITE

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P R E S T O N
W I L L I S
S E A R C H
1853 ————— 1932



Death Claims Carmel's "Grand Old Man"

Carmel will pay its respects to the memory of Preston Willis Search at the Community Church Saturday afternoon at three o'clock. The memorial service will be conducted by the Rev. T. Harold Grimshaw.

The death of Preston Willis Search occurred at Riverside, California, on Monday, December tenth.

In this simple statement is recorded the close of one the most outstanding careers ever associated with Carmel.

As an educator, lecturer, sponsor of all the finer things of life, Preston Willis Search was in a sense a national figure. Born in Marion, Ohio, in 1853, he would have attained his eightieth birthday next April. Into the impressive span of his lifetime he crowded an encyclopedic range of activities

—continued on page three

Christmas Cheer Assured All Carmel Children

If Santa Claus fails to visit any child in Carmel this year, it will be only because he failed to receive a summons.

At the instance of Mayor John Catlin, a group of citizens met yesterday afternoon to work out plans for bringing Christmas cheer to families where otherwise the season might have been rather empty. The work will be undertaken independently of the usual community Christmas tree.

With headquarters at the Girl's Scout House, where inquiries for help and supply may be telephoned (Carmel 370-R), Mrs. Frances Daniels will be ready every afternoon to co-operate with anyone who may wish to help. It was felt by the group that many would want to contribute things, and in order to see that all families are cared for, this impersonal co-ordinated agen-

—continued on page eight

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THE PENINSULA ORCHESTRA'S CHRISTMAS PROGRAM

The concert rehearsal of the Monterey Peninsula Orchestra on Saturday night is full of Christmas surprises and cheer.

Item 1. The day is changed from Sunday to Saturday, because Fenton Foster is presenting "The Messiah" in Pacific Grove on Sunday night.

Item 2. Elizabeth Frater Lowy, mezzo-soprano, here from New York for a few weeks, is singing Christmas carols with orchestral accompaniment. The audience will be asked to join in "Adeste Fidelis." Mrs. Lowy's generosity in lending her voice to one of the Orchestra "specials" is a part of the spirit of giving which has permeated the Orchestra since its beginning.

Item 3. Marilyn Doty, child violinist, (she is only ten) who had her debut in San Francisco last month, playing before four thousand people in Dreamland Rink, will play the "Bruch Concerto" with the Orchestra. She will be the second child prodigy, pupil of Kathleen Parlow and Carol Weston, to play with the Orchestra.

Item 4. Overture to "The Messiah" and a Bach Suite will complete the program, which begins at eight-thirty.

SUNSET'S YULETIDE GIFT

The Nativity Play, Sunset School's annual gift to the community, will be presented tomorrow (Friday) evening, beginning at eight o'clock.

"The Finding of the King," an English adaptation of the story, brought to Carmel by Lita Bathen, will be repeated this year. Mrs. Bathen has headed a group of workers in costuming the production; musical direction is in the hands of Madeline Currey of the school staff.

There will be, of course, no admission charge.

THE CARMELITE: DECEMBER 15, 1932

UNEMPLOYED TO BENEFIT BY HOLIDAY SHOW

(by WINSOR JOSSELYN)

The melodramatic farce of "Macaire," by Robert Louis Stevenson, will bring to a close the Carmel dramatic year on the last Thursday and Friday of the month.

Directed by Charles O'Neal, in his first production in the region, this play will offer holiday entertainment with an all-Peninsula cast headed by Herbert Heron.

One of the main reasons that the cast-in committee could choose at will, was that the entire proceeds of the play will go to the Carmel Employment Fund. Carmel has kept its full allotment of unemployed at work throughout the season, and now this play will be another link in the chain that is pulling us through the stringent times. Together with the versatile and one-time mayor Herbert Heron, will be Ross Cowan as Bertrand, his perpetually bilked companion, and Hal Garrott, playing Dumont, the inn-keeper of this town on the border between France and Savoy, and well typifying the host of those active days a century ago. Henrietta Shore does Mme. Goriot, Constance Heron is Ernestine and Edwina Pinkham is Aline. To Dr. David Matzke goes the brusque Brigadier, and Dr. W. B. Williams that of the tiptling notary.

Bob Parrott, Millicent Sears, Lucian Jones and many others—not to forget Frederick Preston Search Stringed Orchestra in the wedding scene—will be back of those footlights. Here you have Carmel assisted by Pacific Grove, Monterey, the Presidio and Pebble Beach. We don't say that Carmel stops at nothing to put its shows over, but we will say that nothing stops Carmel from putting its show over.

Ticket sale at popular prices will start shortly and will be conducted through many outlets, so that you will have no trouble in getting there with a helping hand. The nights of Thursday and Friday come on the twenty-ninth and thirtieth, and you can make this "Macaire" one of the features of entertainment for your holiday guests. And remember it's going to be presented in the Sunset School Auditorium, and it's for the unemployed.

EVENING SCHOOL HOLIDAYS

Sunset School evening shop class, suspending for the holidays, will have its next meeting on Monday, January second.

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DEATH OF PRESTON SEARCH

Continued from page one

equally impressive. After completion of his university training in America, he did post-graduate work in Lausanne and in Jena. At the age of twenty-one he became principal of Millersburg (Ohio) Academy, the starting point of a fruitful life as an educational executive. He was most noted for development of what has come to be known as the "Pueblo system" in public school education, "on a basis of fundamental recognition of the individual." In this definition lies one of the guiding principles of his philosophy: people remained more important to him than "things."

Coupled with his administrative work was an active career as lecturer on cultural subjects; it is of record that he delivered more than seven thousand lectures.

His published works include *An Ideal School*; *The Individual in Mass Education*; *The Ethics of the Public Schools*; *Motives in Education*; and numerous monographs on educational subjects.

Advancing age in no way diminished his active interests nor his physical activities. Coming to Carmel in 1914, at the age of sixty-one, he had every right to consider himself entitled to retirement. But Carmel for him was merely new, and ideal, headquarters for continuing his work. Every worthwhile community undertaking had his active support, more frequently leadership, and at the same time he maintained his innumerable connections with the country at large.

* * *

Death came suddenly to Professor Search as the result of apoplexy. He was at the home of his sister, Mrs. W. C. Butcher in Riverside, having gone south to attend to business affairs. His robust health was at times a marvel to his intimates; he had been singularly free from illness, remaining young in body and in spirit to the last.

Professor Search's wife pre-deceased him by five years. A son survives, Frederick Preston Search, composer-cellist, as do two sisters, Mrs. Anna Porter of San Francisco and Mrs. Butcher.

* * *

It is no idle tribute, no formal phrase, to say that Carmel is poorer because of Preston Search's death. His towering physique was but a symbol of the breadth of his vision, his sympathies and his abiding confidence in the destiny of men. Any community would have been richer for having known him.

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THE CARMELITE

J. A. COUGHLIN — Editor and Publisher

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***The views expressed in signed contributions should be taken as those of the individual writers, not necessarily endorsed by the Editor.

Lincoln Steffens---continued

So Captain John Smith invented his rescue by Pochantas! Who invented the one about democracy?

And the uniqueness of Carmel? And the circulation of the "Pine Cone"?

The "Pine Cone," counting up the individualists in Carmel now, names a dozen or so and says that that is more than there were in the good old days! I think that there must be three or four hundred here; I go by the local circulation of The Carmelite. Readers, audiences, spectators, are more significant and creative than writers and artists, and The Carmelite seems to me to be always trying to keep its circulation down in quantity, up in quality. And when the writers for it don't purge the list enough, the editor goes through it with a blue pencil and a cheerful grin. The puzzle to me is that the advertisers don't tumble to the use of such a paper.

It profits a man nothing to talk much with those who agree with him; or to read books and newspapers that are as dumb as he is.

If I were an editor I would transplant to my paper Miss Celia Collins, the writer of the descriptive items on the "It" Boys in the "Stanford Daily," if only to watch her grow and pick off the bugs that hurt your flowers.

The movie men never thought of a story as picturesque and fantastic as that news-serial the newspapers are running just now—the mysterious murder of Wanderwell, the Polish adventurer, on his yacht, with "Curley" Guy, the smiling Welsh hero of scenes in Egypt, China, Australia, the South Seas, South America, Panama, New York, San Francisco, and so on—as one of a thousand enemies of the killed arrested on suspicion that he

did the justifiable homicide. Perfect. It's just as if Nature, jealous of the mixed concoctions of the melodramatists, had said to herself:

"Humph! Is that what they like? Well I'll show them how to make a real one."

Two movies lately with columnists as heroes. Trying to make a column of us?

I found fear just under the surface in San Francisco and Fremont Older, just back from New York and Chicago, found it there. To me that's funny. The facts suggest joy, triumph, freedom and power.

The New York "World-Telegram" has a big front-page story under the heading "Society Group Meets Rebuff from Hoover." It is about a delegation led by "Social Registerites" that went to Washington to ask that the Hunger Marchers and their petition be received as guaranteed by the Constitution. We know out here what they got; but what interests me, with my social ambitions, is the heading and the list of swell women. Quote:

"The delegation included Mrs. Corliss Lamont, daughter-in-law of the banker; Miss Margaret Hatfield, Mrs. Polly Boyden, Mrs. Carol Weiss King, Miss Winifred Chappell, Miss Sylvia Fenington, Mrs. Bell Traub, and Miss Helen Grace Murray. Mrs. Lincoln Steffens, wife of the writer, listed as a member of the group, was not present."

So you see, you snooty Peninsulans, if Ella Winter had had car-fare, we'd have made it.

No, the bootleggers will not throw away their machine guns, cut murder, and reform—when prohibition is repealed. The good people have taught the underworld something it will never forget: that they also can buy judges, police chiefs, and unearned money. Talk to the gunman and hear for yourself.

Some local folks, not very friendly, are looking for a representative to debate with me early next year on—oh, most any old subject. My favorite issue is: "That there is good in good people," I taking the affirmative. But who would do the negative?

Another pleasant thesis I would enjoy defending, inoffensively, is: "That a small circulation is more desirable than

a big one, for a newspaper."

Others: "That Communism would go better here than in Russia"; "That yellow journalism is ahead of red-white-and blue newspapers"; "That art is about all that will be left for us to do"; "That there is more of the spiritual in my thumb than in their souls"; "That the whole idea of 'right and wrong' is wrong"; or "That our morality is immoral." But—now you tell one.

Anybody care to debate again on the League of Nations? It will be easier now than then.

When questions come out of an audience, a speaker has trouble with the questioner, wondering what he means, what's in his mind. The question is easy enough to answer; the questioner rarely.

Carmel could meet this world problem and do something new, if we would organize lectures by having in the chair a psychologist, like our Professor Aldrich, who would ask for and receive questions from the audience, consider them psychologically for a moment and then repeat them to the speaker. Aldrich's job would be the dangerous, surprising, but enlightening one of telling the lecturer, not what the questioner said but what he meant. Or, I wouldn't mind reversing that: have Aldrich give the talk and let me, in the chair, repeat or translate the questions. I am sure I could interest the questioners in their own questions, and possibly in themselves. For, verily, they know not what they ask.

The good people who are smuggling Bibles into Russia better look out. The Russians can read now, and they might read the New Testament, as our good people don't. And there's more for the Russians in that Book than there is for us. The old Catholics knew; they didn't want the Bible translated into the vulgar language lest the vulgar read it for themselves. The priests preferred to tell the people what was in it. Nobody has read it yet, but some day somebody—maybe a Russian—will, and then—well, then, the churches will be surprised.

Someone has trimmed the trees so that I can come home from the movie at night with my hat on—some thoughtful citizen who does not share the proud spirit of this unique community.

Steffens' "Good People": An Enquiry

by CHARLES ROBERTS ALDRICH

At the meeting of the Women's International League for Peace, I heard for the first time Lincoln Steffens make an address—Lincoln Steffens, most tender-hearted of men, sincere lover of humanity, a man in whom the tears are so near the surface that in self-defence he must always hide his earnestness behind a jester's mask. It was supposed to be a talk on "Capitalism and War," but really it was a plea to youth: Love us, your elders, if you can; but face the fact that we are failures, that we have made of life a sorry mess of poverty and suffering and crime; learn to do what we never could—to think fearlessly and straight.

It was a talk rich in facts, clean-cut in logic, and filled with human warmth and glow. It was free from the technical tricks of the oratorical spell-binder and from sentimental slop. However, it seems to me an ominous thing that a man can argue in favor of realistic and honest thinking—which necessarily involves using terms with definite meaning, and not using meaningless or cloudy rubber-stamp terms such as Love, Ideals, Spirituality—and then have his audience come right back at him, with these stereotypes. There will be great changes in our social order: the question is whether they can be brought about by a coolly reasoned plan motivated by a sense of social responsibility, or must history repeat itself? Always hitherto, in major social advances, it has finally been necessary to exterminate the obstructionists, the people who could think only in accepted, conventional stereotypes—those whom Steffens calls Good People.

As I listened to the love, idealism and spirituality offered as remedies for inflated dollars and collapsed goods, for over-production and under-employment, and for all the plague of whirling ills that are sucking our country down into caverns measureless to man, I fell to wondering about the Good People. There is no sense in blaming them, much less in hating them; for they are to be pitied. One sees them, as conventional and unadaptable as some primitive tribe: when the storm gathers they set up their ridiculous fetishes and make a moan before them, their tribal idols. And meanwhile the true gods ride the angry clouds, or trample the quaking earth like mountains marching, heedless of weak and fluttering

hands. No, certainly one neither blames nor hates the dead tree that must fall before the cyclone.

The Good People of today are not the first to think of change, of progress, as sin. It has always been an uneasy thought with man, this idea that progress is not through goodness but through sin. Adam and Eve were *rentiers* in Eden and lived a very silly life until the lady took the snake's advice. People seem always to become bored in Paradise (as witness Satan) and rather than atrophy there they will go out and risk suffering for the sake of adventure. The only apostle who was really indispensable in the divine plan was Judas: all the rest were but a chorus. It is against the little false tribal gods—not against the true gods—that Jeffers' characters strive: seeking to transcend their human limitations they break all the herd-taboos, thus imperiling the very foundations of existing society. Their sin is the sin of Prometheus: to refuse to be bound by taboos is to try to steal the fire of the gods, the real gods. To eat of good and evil, as the serpent remarked, is to become as a god—especially to eat of evil. It has long been Christian theory that there could be no salvation without remission of sin, and that there could be no divine pardon unless first there was something to pardon. The more prevalent view is that Adam sinned enough for us all; but many cults reject this and insist that everyone must commit his own sins—a view full of charm for all full-blooded and healthy minds.

* * *

To one who has some sense of the continuity of culture, who knows a little of the yesterdays of the race, Steffens is at least understandable when he calls the dyed-in-the-wool conservatives who appeal to fetishes to stop cyclones Good People. But I did not intend to discuss all this. Steffens' talk took my mind back to an old French tale, written (I should say) about 1100 A. D. It has to do with one of the Good People (assuming that women are people) and with one who was not so good, who had lived in the time of Charles Martel. It told how Richard the Swift chose between Helen and Penelope. These names may identify the story to some of the *illuminati* of Carmel, and perhaps somebody will be kind enough to give me the reference where I can find it. Mme. Navas-Rey, for instance. I recall the main outlines of the story fairly well, but I wish to see the original. It is, of course, wholly irrelevant and non-political, and contains no hint of even Christian or Fabian Socialism.

Correspondence

AMENDE HONORABLE

To the Editor of The Carmelite:

It has just been called to my attention that through an error on my part you have been without your copy of the Pine Cone for the last few weeks. Your Addressograph plate was damaged so had to be replaced. In the meanwhile I neglected to address you a separate copy. I have sent you the back copies of the paper that you missed and will see that you receive your copy weekly. With all due apologies, I remain,

Yours truly,

RANALD COCKBURN
Business Manager
Carmel Pine Cone

THOUGHTS ON CHRISTMAS

To the Editor of The Carmelite:

It seems this year that efficiency experts dare to tell us that Christmas is inefficient; that "it isn't being done" in times like these; that we ought to examine the curves on our chart of kindness, and see if it isn't perfectly permissible for us to "pass up our friends" this year. "Why, it's really absurd to think of sending our friends anything to cheer them in such depression. Why have a depression if it doesn't depress?" Now would anyone in his senses give out such sophistries? It seems to me the Christians say that Christmas is a law unto itself. It does seem that there might be less budgeting of the heart, and that now is the season for the heart to contradict the head, since things of the spirit differ from material things in that the more you give the more you have.

* * *

In times like these might we not explore old forgotten friendships and remember those we haven't heard from in years, just to surprise them? No one ever feels overstocked with kindness, though we know the world is full of everything else. . . . How odd it seems to love others better than ourselves; we are unnaturally happy, aren't we? We know we shall resume life's sway, we shall lose our tempers, become obstinate, peevish and cranky. We shall argue and muddle and mope, hopefully between evolution and revolution. And yet, for a few hours, we had a happy vision, didn't we? So perhaps we should be happy that humanity invented Christmas, if only for a day.

WILL CAMPBELL



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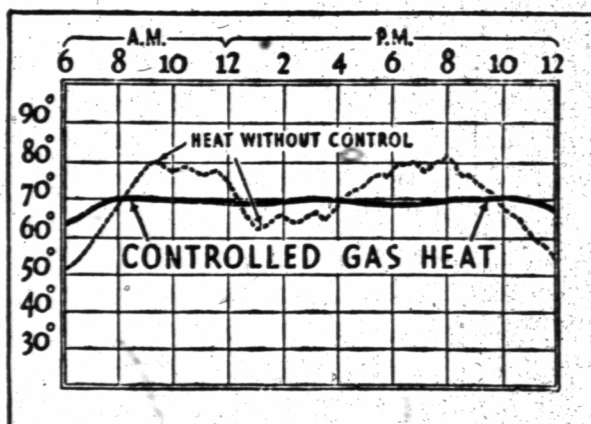
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THE CARMELITE: DECEMBER 15, 1932

WHITE—DICKINSON

Mr. and Mrs. Henry F. Dickinson announced on Monday the marriage of their daughter, Elizabeth, to Mr. Paul Beardsley White of New York and San Francisco.

The marriage took place Saturday, December tenth, in San Francisco.

Until recently, Mrs. White resided in New York City, where for three years she was in charge of art instruction at the Dalton School. She is now on the staff of the California School of Fine Arts in San Francisco, holding special classes for children.

Mr. White was formerly engaged in business in New York City, but has now transferred his interests to San Francisco, where their home will be made.

MUSIC SOCIETY SEASON

Tickets for the Carmel Music Society winter series will be available next week. As an economy measure this year, the actual tickets will be mailed to season subscribers in lieu of formal receipts.

First concert of the season will be on January fourteenth, when the Vienna Boy Choir will be presented in Sunset School Auditorium.

With an unbroken history dating back to 1498, the choir is one of the fixtures of musical Europe, but has not previously toured America.

Succeeding concerts of the winter season are:

February fourth, Michel Penha;

February twenty-fifth, Monterey Peninsula Orchestra;

March twenty-fifth, Florence Austral and Amadio.

Reservations may be made by telephone to Mrs. Paul Flanders, treasurer, or at the Denny-Watrous Gallery. Season tickets are six dollars for the four concerts (four dollars less than last year); single tickets start at fifty cents.

The summer series will start on June sixteenth.

"THE MESSIAH"

Fenton Foster's fourth annual presentation of "The Messiah" is to be given next Sunday evening in the Pacific Grove Methodist Church.

Over one hundred thirty singers and musicians have been in rehearsal for several weeks, including a group from Salinas. Elizabeth Frater Lowy, who will be heard with the Peninsula Orchestra Saturday evening, will be the principal soloist. Others include Miles Bains of Carmel, Mrs. Bess Ward and Frank Burnie.

BALI BROUGHT TO CARMEL

A most interesting lecture on Bali was given at Denny-Watrous Gallery on Saturday night by the Mershons. Bali is a little island east of Java, containing about a million inhabitants. It is under the rule of the Dutch government which well realizes the unique and beautiful characteristics of the country and tries to preserve them from the onslaughts of tourists. The climate is tropical but very mild and delightful to live in.

The Balinese are a noble race of people whose ancestors in the fifteenth century were fugitives from religious oppression forced on Java from the outside. The beauty of their faces and the perfect poise of their bodies reveals a superior heritage. This is also expressed in their art which is among the finest in the world today. They are a cleanly people, fond of washing their bodies. It is a familiar sight to see them bathing in the numerous little streams by the wayside.

From what the Mershons tell us, the rearing of children seems to be a matter of little concern to the Balinese. A child is born, fed on bananas, turned over to the other children as soon as it can walk, and plays, sleeps and eats where it pleases. These little ones were frequently found sleeping all night on the porch.

The lower caste Balinese have animistic beliefs. All acts of daily life are related to their religion. Many of their personal adornments are worn to keep away evil spirits. The priests are obeyed implicitly. The people furnish them with food and pay them the greatest respect.

Several films of moving pictures were shown by the Mershons. These were intensely interesting. They showed the festivals at the temples, the people carrying high-piled fruit arrangements on their heads, the curious dancing and ceremonies. A remarkable picture of a priest was shown. The dance of the hands as he went through his incantations was very beautiful. The fingers curl back and intertwine like flames—each gesture having its own particular meaning.

The Mershons were fortunate enough to procure a film showing Mario, the most renowned dancer in Bali. The motions of the hands, arms and torso are impossible to imitate. Mrs. Mershon, herself a distinguished dancer, tried without success to accomplish them. Dancing, an ancient art in Bali has attained a degree of perfection which belongs to this little country alone. It

is closely connected with the religion of the people and takes place in the temples at the frequent festivals.

Many fine examples of Balinese art are now on exhibit at the Denny-Watrous Gallery. They are part of a collection brought back by the Mershons. —D. H.

EXHIBITS IN THE GALLERY

Three exhibits are showing concurrently at the Denny-Watrous Gallery.

In the main gallery are etchings and block-prints of "the Botkes," their first Carmel showing since they sold their home here to Lincoln Steffens and went South. Among California artists Cornelis and Jessie Arms Botke rank high, and they have been given a full measure of recognition in Carmel.

On the stage is a colorful collection of textiles and carvings from Bali, brought back by the Mershons. When the Mohammedans conquered Java, the artists fled to Bali, taking with them their knowledge of crafts, and their communal way of living, and all this is written on the brilliant purples and

reds and greens of pradas and sarongs which may have adorned the body or a priestess of the temple.

In the front of the Gallery the African exhibit continues to attract attention.



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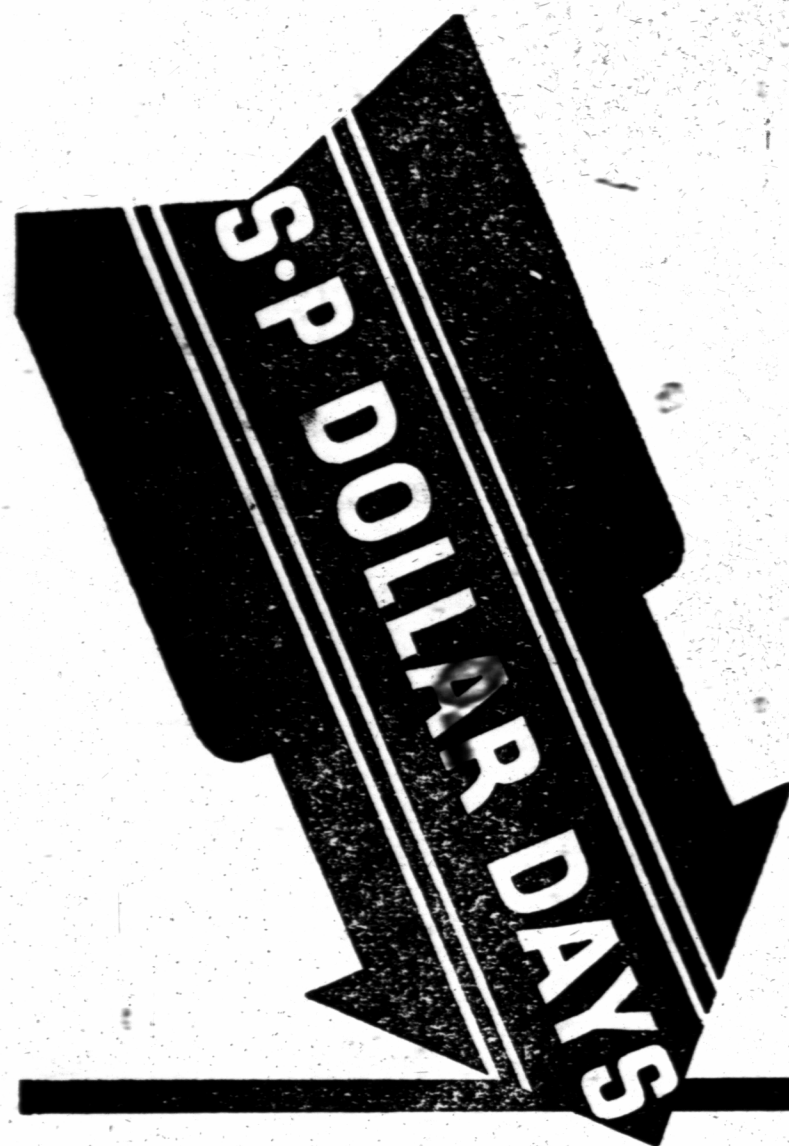
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Start your trip on any of these dates:

Dec. 22, 23, 24, 25, 26; Dec. 29, 30, 31; Jan. 1, 2

Be back by midnight, January 4

If you leave on the first day of this excursion, you have nearly *two weeks* for your trip. Or you can make two complete roundtrips during the thirteen days this excursion will be held.

SAMPLE ROUNDTRIPS:

SAN FRANCISCO	\$ 2.70
LOS ANGELES	8.25
SACRAMENTO	4.65
RENO	7.95
SANTA BARBARA	6.00
PORTLAND	18.85

Southern Pacific

C. M. VANCE
Monterey Agent



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Monterey 1800

THE CARMELITE: DECEMBER 15, 1932

RED CROSS ACTIVITIES

With the end of a successful campaign in sight the Carmel Chapter of American Red Cross closes another year of its activities.

The generous response this year, for in spite of the depression it is generous, and the goal reached this year outshine those of previous years. Previously the sum expected and received has been somewhere approximating one thousand dollars. Sometimes more, sometimes less. This year over twelve hundred dollars has been received to date and more is coming in. It is expected to reach thirteen hundred dollars before the coming of the new year.

This splendid response, it is felt, is a vote of confidence in the Red Cross and more particularly, the Carmel Chapter. It has functioned most successfully throughout this stressful year. The annual report of this year's work shows this confidence not to have been misplaced.

The new chairman and board are making plans whereby the Chapter will grow as much throughout the coming year as it has in the past one.

Headquarters have been established in a store under the Pine Inn, corner of Monte Verde and Ocean avenue. Office hours will be held from ten-thirty to twelve and from two to four.

Owing to the fact that the plans for a thrift shop having been abandoned as not wise at present, the articles collected for use there are being turned over to the Red Cross.—CONTRIBUTED

ST. NICHOLAS DAY

Mme. Jeanne Pirenne's junior class in French presented a costumed St. Nicholas playlet at All Saints last Saturday. Mme. Pirenne was assisted by Mrs. G. E. Davis and Mrs. A. L. Crummey.

In the cast were Boice Richardson, Ann and Colden Whitman, Marion Buckley, Billy Richardson, Gilbert Davis, Madelaine McDonald, Jeanette Graham, Patty Lou Crummey, Evelain Cockburn, June Clark and Eugene LeRheir.

CHRISTMAS *from page one*

cy was established as a clearing house for the reception of good, toys, clothing, etc., as well as to canvass the town to insure that all were taken care of in a thoughtful and efficient manner.

Children's "Santa Claus" letters may be addressed to the Children's Christmas, Carmel; and those having information of needy families, or supplies may call Mrs. Daniels at the Girl's Scout House.